DIONE.

AN

OPERA.

As it is Acting at the

NEW-THEATRE

IN THE

HAY-MARKET.

Set to MUSICK by Mr. LAMPE.

LONDON:

Printed for Messieurs MECHELL and CHRICHLEY,
at the *London-Gazette*, *Charing-Cross*. 1733.

[Price One Shilling.]

Advertiſement.

I Confeſs, with as much Pleaſure as the Audience can poſſibly receive, that the Plot and Recitativo of this OPERA (for the moſt Part) was taken from the late Mr. GAY, whoſe Memory muſt ever be grateful to thoſe who are real Judges. The Compoſer therefore humbly hopes, that his Attempt to oblige the Town by endeavouring to make Senſe and Sound agree, will not fail of meeting Friends to ſupport it.

1608/2464

THE ARGUMENT.

DIONE was a Lady brought up in the Court of *Arcadia*, where *Evander*, a neighbouring Prince, saw her, and fell in Love with her. She was equally in Love with him. They exchanged Vows, with promise to be constant to each other. *Evander* going a hunting one Morning, saw the beautiful Shepherdess *Parthenia*; and at first Sight fell passionately in Love; and in order to compass his Ends, feigned himself slain by a wild Boar in the Forest. The News coming to *Dione*'s Ear, she is quite disconsolate. Her Father not knowing of her Love for *Evander*, proposes a Match between *Cleanthes*, a Nobleman

The ARGUMENT.

Nobleman belonging to the Court, and fixed the Day of her Marriage, threatening her with his Diſpleaſure if ſhe refuſed. In dead of Night ſhe flies to the Mountains, where ſhe meets the Shepherdeſs *Laura*, and relates her Story to her: while they are talking together, *Evander* comes in a Shepherd's Dreſs, following *Parthenia*, who flies him and Mankind. *Dione* knows him, tho' in Diſguiſe, and tells it to *Laura*. ~~He~~ She councils her to change her Dreſs for a Man's, and to watch him. She follows ~~his~~ her Advice. *Evander*, under the Name of *Lycidas*, makes a Confident of *Dione*, ſends her to court *Parthenia* for him. She, at his Requeſt, doth it, but is refuſed. *Evander* grows jealous. *Cleanthes* comes in Search of *Dione*, and is killed by Robbers in the Wood. *Dione* ſees him juſt before he dies, is in Deſpair, offers to kill herſelf. *Parthenia* comes in at the Inſtant and prevents it. She ſnatches the Dagger from *Parthenia* and attempts it a ſecond Time. *Parthenia* endeavours to take it from her

her again, and cries out for Help. *Lycidas (Evander)* runs at the Voice of *Parthenia*, thinks *Alexis (Dione)* had an Intent to raviſh her, takes the Dagger from her, and ſtabs her, but is told by *Parthenia* his Miſtake; at laſt he diſcovers that *Alexis* is *Dione*, his firſt Miſtreſs, whom he hath ſlain; then in Rage and Paſſion kills himſelf.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Evander, *under the Name of* Lycidas.	Mr. *Waltz.*
Cleanthes.	Mr. Mountfort - ~~Mr. Barret.~~
Shepherds.	

WOMEN.

Dione, *under the Name of* Alexis.	Miſs *Young.*
Parthenia.	Miſs *Maſon.*
Laura.	Mrs. *Seedo.*
Shepherdeſſes.	

SCENE *ARCADIA.*

DIONE:

AN

OPERA.

ACT. I.

SCENE. I.

A Plain at the Foot of a steep, craggy Mountain.

DIONE *and* LAURA.

LAURA.

WHY do'st thou fly me? Stay, unhappy Fair;
Seek not these horrid Caverns of Despair:
To trace thy Steps, the Midnight Air I bore,
Trod the brown Desart, and unsheltered Moor.

Three

Three Times the Lark has ſung his Mattin Lay,
And roſe on dewy Wing to meet the Day;
Since firſt I found thee.

DIONE.

O let my Soul with grateful Thanks o'erflow,
'Tis to thy Hand my daily Life I owe;
But vain is all thy Friendſhip, vain thy Care;
Forget a Wretch abandon'd to Deſpair.

Death, laſting Opiate of all Cares,
Thou End of Jealouſies and Fears,
O, take me to thy Breaſt!
With thee the ſlighted Maid's at Eaſe,
Nor anxious Thoughts diſturb her Peace,
But in thy Arms hath Reſt.

LAURA.

Deſpair will fly thee, when thou ſhalt impart
The fatal Secret that torments thy Heart;
Love, Love's the Cauſe; our Foreſt ſpeaks thy Flame,
The Rock's have learn'd to ſigh *Evander*'s Name;
Say in what Grove thy Shepherd ſtrays,
Tell me what Mountains warble with his Lays;
Thither I'll ſpeed me, and with moving Art,
Draw ſoft Confeſſions from his melting Heart.

DIONE.

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DIONE.

Thy gen'rous Care has touch'd my ſecret Woe;
Love bids theſe ſcalding Tears inceſſant flow;
Ill-fated Love! O ſay, ye Silvan Maids,
Who range wide Foreſts and ſequeſter'd Shades;
Say where *Evander* bled.

Cupid, ſtrip the Paphian *Grove,*
Spread blooming Myrtle where he lies,
Spring, beauteous Flowers, o'er my Love;
And let a fragrant Tomb ariſe.
What Joy would glad my raviſh'd Eyes
To ſee the Place, there ſigh, and die.

[Exeunt *Dione* and *Laura*.

SCENE. II.

Parthenia *appears from the Mountain with Shepherds.*

PARTHENIA, [*aſide.*]

Why will intruding Men my Peace deſtroy?
Let me Content, and Solitude enjoy.
Free was I born, my Freedom to maintain,
Early I ſought the un-ambitious Plain;
Moſt Women's weak Reſolves, like Reeds will ply,
Shake with each Breath, and bend with every Sigh;

Mine, like an Oak, whoſe firm Roots deep deſcend,
No Breath of Love can ſhake, no Sigh can bend.
[*Turning to the Shepherds.*
If you unhappy *Lycidas* would ſave,
Go ſeek him, lead him to *Menalcas'* Grave;
Forbid his Eyes with flowing Grief to rain,
Like him *Menalcas* wep'd, but wep'd in vain.

Fly me, Love, thou headſtrong Boy,
Urchin, fly this frozen Breaſt;
Thou never ſhalt my Peace deſtroy,
Seek ſome other Place of Reſt.
Around Fools, deluding, hover
Like your ſelf, already blind
Faithleſs Wanton, I diſcover;
When we're Falſe, you're only Kind. [Exit.

SCENE. III. [*Enter* Lycidas.]

LYCIDAS.

When ſhall my Steps have Reſt? thro' all the Wood,
And by the winding Banks of *Ladon*'s Flood,
I ſought my Love; O ſay, ye ſkipping Fawns
(Who range entangl'd Shades, and daiſy'd Lawns,)
If ye have ſeen her; ſay, ye warbling Race,
Who meaſures, on ſwift Wing, th' Ærial Space,
And view below, Hills, Dales, and diſtant Shores,
Where ſhall I find her whom my Soul adores?
[*He muſes.*

Enter Parthenia (Dione *and* Laura *appear at a Diſtance.*

[Lycidas *turning, ſees* Parthenia.

Sure Fancy mocks my Eyes,
And bids the dear deluding Viſion riſe,
'Tis ſhe, my ſpringing Heart her Preſence feels;
[*Runs to her*
See, proſtrate, *Lycidas* before thee kneels.

PARTHENIA.

Who calls *Parthenia?* Hah!
[*Looks, and ſees* Lycidas,
and runs away.

LYCIDAS.

Stay, Virgin, ſtay.
O wing my Feet, kind Love, ſee, ſee the Bounds,
Fleet as the Mountain Roe, when preſs'd by Hounds.
[*He runs after her.*
[Dione *faints in the Arms of* Laura.

LAURA.

What means this trembling, all her Colour flies,
And Life is quite unſtrung. Ah! Lift thy Eyes!
Speak, ſpeak, it's *Laura* calls.

DIONE.

Ah! falſe *Evander*.

LAURA.

Calm thy ſobbing Breaſt;
Say, what new Sorrow has thy Heart oppreſt?

DIONE.

Did'ſt thou not hear his Sighs, and ſuppliant Tone?
Did'ſt thou not hear the pittying Mountain groan?
Did'ſt thou not ſee him bend his ſuppliant Knee?
Thus, in my happy Days, he kneel'd to me.

LAURA.

Let not imaginary Terrors fright;
Some dark Deluſion ſwims before thy Sight.
I ſaw *Parthenia*, from the Mountain's Brow,
And *Lycidas*, with proſtrate Duty bow.
Why ſtream thy Tears for Sorrows not thy own?

DIONE.

Oh, where are Honour, Faith, and Juſtice flown?
Perjur'd *Evander*.

LAURA,

LAURA.

Death has laid him low.

DIONE.

That am'rous Swain, whom *Lycidas* you name,
Whoſe faithleſs Boſom feels another Flame,
Was once my kind *Evander*. Yes, 'twas he,
He lives, but lives, alas! no more to me.

LAURA.

Suſpend thy Grief,
And let my friendly Council bring Relief.
Forego thy Sex, lay all this Dreſs aſide;
Strip off theſe Ornaments of Female Pride;
The Shepherd's Veſt muſt hide thy graceful Air,
With the bold manly Step, a Swain appear.
Be now *Alexis* call'd, with thee I'll rove,
And watch thy Wand'rer thro' the mazy Grove.
Let me be honour'd with a Siſter's Name;
For thee I feel more than a Siſter's Flame.

To the Winds give all your Fear,
Long he cannot court Diſdain;
Ever watching, ever near,
Still attend the perjur'd Swain.

Ev'ry

Ev'ry happy Hour attend thee,
And the God of Love befriend thee.

[Exeunt

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Lycidas *lying on the Grave of* Menalcas.

LYCIDAS.

WHEN shall these scalding Fountains cease to [flow?
How long will Life sustain this Load of Woe?
Open, thou silent Grave, for lo, I come,
To meet *Menalcas* in the fragrant Gloom:
There shall my Bosom burn with Friendship's Flame,
The same our Passion, and our Fate the same.

Enter Dione *in a Shepherd's Habit.*

LYCIDAS.

Ha! who comes here? turn hence, be timely wise,
Nor trust thy Safety to *Parthenia's* Eyes.

DIONE,

DIONE.

If in these Vales the fatal Beauty stray,
From the cold Marble rise; let's haste away.

LYCIDAS.

Bid the cag'd Linnet range the leafy Grove,
Then bid my captive Heart get loose from Love.

Can the lur'd Lark, whom Nets surprize,
With his wonted Freedom rise?
In vain he strives to reach the Skies;
The more he struggles to get free,
Entangl'd lies, like wretched me,
And in his Chains he dies.

LYCIDAS.

Hence beware,
Least you should see her, and like me despair.

DIONE.

No, let her come, and seek the Vale's Recess,
In all the beauteous Negligence of Dress;
Tho' *Cupid* send a Shaft in every Glance,
Tho' all the Graces in her Step advance,
My Heart will stand it all.

LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

But you perhaps a happier Fate have found,
And the ſame Hand that gave, now heals the Wound.
Or art thou left abandon'd, and forlorn,
A Wretch, like me, the Sport of Pride and Scorn?

DIONE.

O Shepherd tell me, hath thy faithleſs Maid,
Falſe to her Vow, thy flatter'd Hope betray'd?
Such are the Pangs I feel.

LYCIDAS.

The haughty Fair
Contemns my Suff'rings, and diſdains to hear;
Vain is the ſteady Conſtancy you boaſt;
All other Love, at ſight of her, is loſt.

DIONE.

True Conſtancy, no Time, no Power can move;
He that hath known to change, ne'er knew to love:
Tho' the dear Author of my hapleſs Flame,
Purſue another, ſtill my Heart's the ſame.
Am I for ever left? Excuſe theſe Tears,
May your kind Friendſhip ſoften all my Cares.

LYCIDAS,

LYCIDAS.

What Comfort can a Wretch, like me, beſtow?

DIONE.

He beſt can pity, who hath felt the Woe.

LYCIDAS.

Since diff'rent Objects have our Souls poſſeſs'd
No rival Fears our Friendſhip ſhall moleſt.

O Shepherd! What Cares,
What Torment and Fears
Attend on a paſſionate Lover?
As a Wretch doom'd to die
He in anguiſh doth lie,
Nor knows when his Pain ſhall be over,

SCENE II.

LYCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA.

Fly, fly this Place!
Beware of Love, the proudeſt of her Race,
This Way approaches.

LYCIDAS.

She comes, ſhe comes.
From her the paſſing Zephirs ſteal Perfumes,
As from the Violet Bank; with Odours ſweet
Breaths every Gale.
And wilt thou never from thy Vows depart?
Shepherd beware!

[*to* Dione.

[Lycidas, Dione, *and* Laura *retire behind the Boughs.*

Enter Parthenia.

PARTHENIA *looking on the Tomb.*

This melancholy Scene demands a Groan;
Ha! What Inſcription marks the weeping Stone?

[*She reads the Inſcription.*

O Power of Beauty! here Menalcas *lies.*
Gaze not, ye Shepherds, on Parthenia's *Eyes.*

Why did Heav'n form me with ſweet poliſh'd Care?
Why caſt my Features in a Mould ſo Fair?
If blooming Beauty was a Bleſſing meant;
Why are my ſighing Hours deny'd Content?
My guarded Heart
Diſowns Love's Power, and turns aſide the Dart.
Hark! From his hollow Tomb *Menalcas* cries,
Gaze not, ye Shepherds on Parthenia's *Eyes.*

Come,

Come *Lycidas*, the mournful Lay peruſe,
Leaſt thou, like him, *Parthenia*'s Eyes accuſe.

[*She ſtands in a melancholy Poſture, looking on the Tomb.* Lycidas *ſpeaks from behind.*

LYCIDAS.

Call'd ſhe not *Lycidas?* I come my Fair;
See gen'rous Pity melts into a Tear.
Now's the tender Hour.
Aſſiſt me Love! Exert thy ſov'reign Pow'r,
To tame the ſcornful Maid.

[Dione *and* Laura *hold him.*

DIONE.

Raſh Swain be wiſe!
'Tis not from thee, or him; from Love ſhe flies.

LYCIDAS.

Unhand me: looſe me.

DIONE.

Sifter, hold him faſt.
To follow her, is to prolong Deſpair;
Shepherd, you muſt not go.

LYCIDAS.

Bold Youth forbear,
Hear me *Parthenia!* [*He comes in.*

PARTHENIA.

From behind the Shade
Methought a Voice ſome liſt'ning Spy betray'd.
Yes, I'm obſerved. [*She runs out.*

LYCIDAS.

Stay Nymph, thy Flight ſuſpend!
She hears me not? when will my Sorrows end;

LAURA.

Recal your ſcatter'd Senſe, bid Reaſon ſtay;
Subdue thy Paſſion.

LYCIDAS.

She's gone, ſhe's gone; kind Shepherd, let me reſt
My troubl'd Head upon thy friendly Breaſt.
Tell me, *Alexis*, art thou ſtill the ſame?
Did not her brighter Eyes put out the Flame
Of thy firſt Love?

DIONE.

I own the Nymph is faireſt of her Race,
Yet I, unmov'd, can on this Beauty gaze;
Mindful of former Promiſe.
Since then our Hopes are loſt, let Friendſhip's Tie
Calm our Diſtreſs, and ſlighted Love ſupply;
Let us together drive our fleecy Store,
And of ungrateful Woman think no more;
Shall Female Cunning lead thy Heart aſtray;
Shepherd be free, and Scorn for Scorn repay.

Tho' now ſhe ſcorns; her blooming Face,
Shortly ſhall deaden and decay;
Beauty to Wrinkles ſhall give Place,
And every Charm ſhall fade away.
Then Shepherd, ſhe your Loſs ſhall mourn,
And all your Love will turn to Scorn.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

CLEANTHES.

The ſkilful Hunter with experienc'd Care,
Traces the Doubles of the circling Hare;
The ſubtil Fox, who breathes the weary Hound,
O'er Hills and Plains in diſtant Brakes is found;

With

With Eaſe we trace ſwift Hinds and ſkipping Roes;
But who th' Inconſtancy of Woman knows?

Enter Laura.

LAURA.

Tell me, fair Nymph, direct my wand'ring Way,
Inſtruct me if of late among your Race,
A Stranger Nymph is found of noble Grace,
In rural Arts unſkill'd.
Each Day arrive, ye neighb'ring Nymphs and Swains,
To ſhare the Paſtime of our jovial Plains:
How can I there thy roving Beauty trace?
Where not one Nymph is bred of vulgar Race.

CLEANTHES.

Thou know'ſt each Cottage, Foreſt, Hill, and Vale,
And pebbled Brook that winds along the Dale;
Search each ſequeſtred Cell to find the Fair,
And juſt Reward ſhall gratify thy Care;
Mean while I'll ſeek the Shepherds cool Abodes.

LAURA.

Se'eſt thou yon Mountain rear his ſhaggy Brow;
In the green Valley graze the Flocks below;

There

There ev'ry Gale with warbling Muſic floats,
Shade anſwer Shade, and breaths alternate Notes;
There ſeek the Fair.
O ye kind Boughs! protect the Virgin's Flight,
And guard *Dione* from his prying Sight.

Goddeſs propitious, Venus *hear!*
Almighty Queen, accept my Prayer,
Direct my wand'ring Way:
And grant, when found, the Nymph may prove
Relenting, and reward my Love,
And Joy for Joy repay.

[*Exit* Cleanthes.

SCENE IV.

DIONE.

Go then, *Alexis,* ſeek the ſcornful Maid,
In tender Eloquence my Suff'ring plead:
Such were his Words.
I went, and found her near a chriſtal Brook;
Nor rais'd ſhe from the Stream her ſettled Look;

'Till

'Till *Lycidas* I nam'd; her Head ſhe rears;
Sudden ſhe ſtarts, her Shrieks confeſs her Fears;
And Anger kind'ling in her ſpark'ling Eyes,
Forbear, ſhe ſaid.

Enter LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

Say, my *Alexis*, can thy Words impart,
Kind Rays of Hope to cheer this doubtful Heart?

DIONE.

How ſhall my Tongue the fault'ring Tale explain?
My Heart drops Blood to give the Shepherd Pain.

LYCIDAS.

Pronounce her utmoſt Scorn, I come prepar'd
To meet my Doom; ſay, is my Death declar'd?

DIONE.

Soon as my faithful Tongue pronounc'd thy Name,
Sudden her Glances ſhot revengeful Flame;
Be dumb, ſhe cries, this whining Love give o'er,
And vex me with the teazing Theme no more.

LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

Still let *Alexis* lend his friendly Aid,
Once more attempt to bend the ſtubborn Maid;
Tell her no baſe-born Swain provokes her Scorn,
No Clown beneath the ſedgy Cottage born:
Tell her; for her the *Silvan* dreſs I took;
For her, my Name and Pomp of Courts forſook:
My lofty Roofs with golden Sculpture ſhine,
And my high-birth deſcends from ancient Line.

DIONE.

Love is a ſacred voluntary Fire;
Gold never bought that pure, that chaſte Deſire;
Can we believe that mean, that ſervile Wife,
Who vilely ſells her dear-bought Love for Life;
Wou'd not her Virtue for an Hour reſign,
If in her Sight, the proffer'd Treaſure ſhine?

LYCIDAS.

Can Reaſon (when by Winds ſwift Fires are born
O'er waving Harveſts of Autumnal Corn)
The driving Fury of the Flame reprove?
Who then ſhall reaſon with a Heart in Love?
Try her once more with my high Birth and State;
Stronger Ambition will ſubdue her Hate;
I'll in yon Shade thy wiſh'd Return attend;
Come, quickly come, and cheer thy ſighing Friend.
[*Exit* Lycidas.

DIONE.

As the pale Wretch involv'd in Doubts and Fears,
All trembling in the Judgment-hall appears;
So ſhall I ſtand before *Parthenia*'s Eyes,
For as ſhe dooms, *Dione* lives or dies.

Oh Love! oh, deep Deſpair!
Theſe Tryals who can bear?
What Sorrows pierce my Heart?
Shou'd I ſucceſsful prove;
Forbid it mighty Love.
Oh! hear my fervent Prayer!

[*Exit* Dione.

ACT III. SCENE I.

LYCIDAS.

WHY ſtays *Alexis*? can my Boſom bear
Thus long alternate Storms of Hope and Fear?
Yonder they walk; no Frowns her Brow diſguiſe,
But Love, conſenting, ſparkles in her Eyes:
Here will I liſten, here impatient wait;
Spare me *Parthenia*, and reſign thy Hate.

[*He goes aſide and liſtens.*

Parthenia

Parthenia *and* Dione.

PARTHENIA.

When *Lycidas* ſhall to the Court repair,
Still let *Alexis* love his fleecy Care.
Still let him chuſe cool Grots and Silvan Bow'rs,
And let *Parthenia* ſhare his peaceful Hours.

LYCIDAS. (*Aſide.*)

What do I hear? my Friendſhip is betray'd;
The treach'rous Rival has ſeduc'd the Maid.

PARTHENIA.

With thee, when bearded Goats deſcend the Steep,
Or where, like Winter's Snow, the nibling Sheep,
Cloath the ſlope Hills, I'll paſs the cheerful Day,
And from thy Reed my Voice ſhall catch the Lay.
Come, Shepherd, let's away.

[*Exit.*

LYCIDAS.

My troubled Heart what dire Diſaſters rend?
A ſcornful Miſtreſs, and a treach'rous Friend.
Wou'd you be couzen'd more than Woman can,
Unlock your Boſom to perfidious Man.

Re-enter Dione, *and ſeems ſurpriz'd.*

LYCIDAS.

Why ſtarts the Swain? why turn his Eyes away?
As if a-croſs his Path a Viper lay:
Say, Shepherd! when you proffer'd Wealth and State,
Did not her Scorn and ſuppled Pride abate?

DIONE.

As ſparkling Diamonds to the feather'd Train,
Who ſcrape the winnow'd Chaff in ſearch of Grain;
Such to the Shepherdeſs the Court appears,
Content ſhe ſeeks, and ſpurns thoſe glitt'ring Cares.

LYCIDAS.

'Tis not in Woman, Grandeur to deſpiſe;
'Tis not from Courts, from me alone ſhe flies:
Do'ſt thou not think this proudeſt of her Kind,
Has to ſome rival Swain her Heart reſign'd?

DIONE.

No rival Shepherd her Diſdain can move;
Her icy Boſom is averſe to Love.

LYCIDAS.

O falſe *Alexis*!

DIONE.

How my poor Heart is wrong'd! oh, ſpare thy Friend.

LYCIDAS.

In vain is all Defenſe.
Did not thy treach'rous Hand conduct her hence?
Haſte, from my Sight.

DIONE.

Yet hear me ſpeak.

LYCIDAS.

Away, thou'rt hateful to my Sight,
And thus I ſpurn the fawning Hypocrite. [*Exit* Lycidas.

DIONE.

Was ever Grief like mine? oh wretched Maid!
My Friendſhip wrong'd, my conſtant Love betray'd;
O lead me to the hanging Mountains Cell,
In whoſe brown Clifts the Fowls of Darkneſs dwell.
There ſeek thy Grave; how can'ſt thou bear the Light?
Baniſh'd for ever from *Evander*'s Sight.

Pretty Warb'lers ſtrain your Throats,
To ſing in melancholly Notes,
The loſt Dione's *Knell:*
Sweet Philomel *aſſiſt the Song,*
Warble in plaintful Notes my Wrong;
Sing how I love, how well.

SCENE

SCENE *A Wood.*

Cleanthes *lies wounded in a diſtant Part of the Stage.*

Dione *croſſing the Stage after a ſoft Symphony.*

CLEANTHES.

Stay, Shepherd, ſtay! oh fly not thro' the Glade;
A Wretch all dy'd with Wounds invokes thy Aid.

DIONE.

O horrid Sight! *Cleanthes* gaſping lies,
And Death's black Shadows float before his Eyes.
Unknown in this Diſguiſe I'll check my Woe,
And learn what bloody Hand has ſtruck the Blow.
Say, Youth, e'er Fate thy feeble Voice confounds,
What led thee hither; whence theſe purple Wounds.

CLEANTHES.

Stay, fleeting Life, may Strength a while prevail,
Leſt my clos'd Lips confine th'imperfect Tale;
Far o'er the Plains I ſought a beauteous Maid,
Who from the Court in theſe wide Foreſts ſtray'd,
-------- As I with weary Pain try'd ev'ry Path,
And op'ning Glade in vain,
A Band of Thieves, forth ruſhing from the Wood,
Unſheath'd their Daggers warm with daily Blood;

Deep

Deep in my Breaſt the barb'rous Steel is dy'd,
And purple Hands the golden Prey divide;
Hence are theſe Wounds ——— ſay, gentle Swain,
If thou haſt known among the Sylvan Train,
The vagrant Nymph I ſeek.
Oh! could I ſee her, e'er Death's Fingers cloſe
Theſe Eyes for ever.

Farewel Dione, *lovely Fair,*
Sweeteſt of thy Sex, adieu;
Angels take her to your Care,
Since ſhe moſt reſembles you.

DIONE.

Shall I not calm the ſable Hour of Death,
And ſhew myſelf before him? ---- ah! he dies [*aſide.*
See from his trembling Lip the Spirit flies:
Stay yet a while, *Dione* ſtands confeſt. [*To him.*
He knows me not; he faints, he ſinks to Reſt.

CLEANTHES. (*In a very low Tone.*)

Tell her, ſince all my Hopes in her are loſt,
That Death was welcome. ——— [*Dies.*

DIONE.

DIONE.

When ſhall my Soul know Reſt? *Cleanthes* ſlain,
No longer ſighs and weeps for thy Diſdain;
Thou ſtill art curs'd with Love, bleed Virgin, bleed;
How ſhall a Wretch from anxious Life be freed?
Hah! the dread Steel, yet warm with Crimſon Stains.
[*Takes up the Dagger.*]

Enter Parthenia.

PARTHENIA.

Methought a Noiſe
Broke through the ſilent Air like human Voice.

DIONE.

One well-aim'd Blow ſhall all my Pangs remove;
Graſp firm this Remedy, and ceaſe to love.

PARTHENIA. (*Comes forward.*)

Sure 'tis *Alexis!* hah! a Sword diſplay'd,
Which darts a ſtreaming Luſtre croſs the Shade. [*Aſide.*

DIONE. (*Aſide.*)

May Heav'n new Vigour to my Soul impart,
And guide the deſp'rate Weapon to my Heart.
[*Going to ſtab herſelf.*

PAR-

PARTHENIA.

[*Runs to her and takes hold of the Dagger:*

May I the meditated Death arreſt;
Strike not, raſh Shepherd! ſpare the guiltleſs Breaſt.

DIONE.

What cruel Hand with-holds the welcome Blow?
In giving Life, you but prolong my Woe.

PARTHENIA.

Turn, turn, *Alexis*! and *Parthenia* know;
It's ſhe protects thee from the fatal Blow.

DIONE.

Ungen'rous Maid!
The friendly Stroke is by thy Hand delay'd.

PARTHENIA.

What moves thy Hand to act this bloody Part?
Whence are theſe gnawing Pangs that tear thy Heart?
Is that thy Friend, who lies before thee ſlain?
Is it his Wounds that reek upon the Plain?
Say, ---- is it *Lycidas?*

DIONE.

No; I the Stranger found,
E'er chilly Death his frozen Tongue had bound.
A murd'ring Band pour'd on him from the Wood,
Firſt ſeiz'd his Gold, then bath'd their Swords in
[Blood.

PARTHENIA.

You whoſe Ambition labours to be great,
Think on the Perils which on Riches wait;
Safe are the Shepherd's Paths.
Can I this Burthen of thy Soul relieve,
And calm thy Grief?

DIONE.

If thou wilt Comfort give,
Plight me thy Word, and to that Word be juſt,
When poor *Alexis* ſhall be laid in Duſt:
That Pride no longer ſhall command thy Mind;
That thou wilt ſpare the Friend I leave behind;
I know his Virtue worthy of thy Breaſt,
Long in thy Love may *Lycidas* be bleſt.

PAR-

PARTHENIA.

Name him no more,
O may you ſtill ſurvive!
And many Years may good *Alexis* live!

The Tyrant Man thro' wanton Mazes roves,
Changing each Day, and ev'ry Face he loves,
Tho' falſe to his Vows, the ſimple Maid believes,
And ſure as Conqueſt gain'd, ſo ſurely he deceives.

Enter Lycidas, *and ſpeaks as entering.*

LYCIDAS. [*Aſide*]

If *Laura* right direct the darkſome Ways,
Along theſe Paths the penſive Shepherd ſtrays.

DIONE.

Let not a Tear for me roll down thy Cheek,
O wou'd my throbbing Sighs my Heart-Strings break!
Why was my Breaſt the lifted Stroke deny'd?
Muſt then again the deathful Deed be try'd?
Yes, ---- 'tis reſolv'd,
[*Snatching the Dagger from* Parthenia.

PARTHENIA.

Ah, hold, forbear, forbear.

LYCIDAS.

Methought Diſtreſs with Shrieks alarm'd my Ear,

PARTHENIA.

Strike not; ye Gods defend him from the Wound,

LYCIDAS.

Yes; 'tis *Parthenia*'s Voice, I know the Sound;
Some Silvan Raviſher wou'd force the Maid.
Die, Villain, die, and ſeek the Shades below.
[Lycidas *ſnatches the Dagger from* Dione *and ſtabs her.*

DIONE.

Whoe'er thou art, I bleſs thee for the Blow.

LYCIDAS [*To* Parthenia.

Since Heav'n ordain'd this Arm thy Life ſhou'd guard,
Oh hear my Vows! be Love the juſt Reward.

PARTHENIA.

Rather let Vengeance, with her ſwifteſt Speed,
O'ertake thy Flight, and recompence the Deed.
On thee may all the Wrath of Heav'n deſcend!
Whoſe barb'rous Hand hath ſlain a faithful Friend.
Behold *Alexis!*

LYCIDAS

LYCIDAS.

I know the faithleſs Youth, his Truſt betray'd,
And well the Dagger has my Wrongs repaid.

DIONE. [*Raiſing herſelf on her Arm.*

Breaks not *Evander*'s Voice along the Glade,
Ah! it is he who holds the reeking Blade,

PARTHENIA.

O tremble, Shepherd, for thy raſh Offence;
The Steel is dy'd with murder'd Innocence:
Self-Murder was his Aim, the Youth I found
Whelm'd in Deſpair, and ſtay'd the falling Wound.

LYCIDAS.

What Horrors on the guilty Mind attend;
His Conſcience had reveng'd an injur'd Friend,
Hadſt thou not held the Stroke.

PARTHENIA.

How did his faithful Lips,
With moving Eloquence, thy Grief unfold.
Oh! for ſome ſpeedy help to ſave the Swain. [*Runs out.*

LYCIDAS.

Was he thus faithful? thus to Friendſhip true?
Then I'm a Wretch! all Peace of Mind adieu. If

If ebbing Life yet beat within thy Vein,
Alexis ſpeak! uncloſe thoſe Lips again.
[*Kneels on the Ground near* Dione.
See, at thy Feet, the barb'rous Villain kneel,
Thy once lov'd Friend. --- Yet e'er I ceaſe to live,
Canſt thou a wretched Penitent forgive.

DIONE.

When low beneath the ſable Mould I reſt,
May a ſincerer Friendſhip ſhare thy Breaſt.
Why are thoſe heaving Groans? ah! ceaſe to weep,
May my loſt Name in dark Oblivion ſleep.

Ceaſe complaining; let me reſt,
Dione *enough is bleſt:*
May I forgotten paſs.
Deareſt Evander *think me true,*
With Joy I own I bleed for you;
Forget that e'er I was. [*Dies.*

LYCIDAS.

Dione!
May Heav'n ſhow'r Vengeance on this perjur'd Head,
As the dry Branch that withers on the Ground,
So blaſted be the Hand that gave the Wound.
This Heart deſerves the Stroke,
Black with the Treach'ry and Vows I broke.

What

What Horrors fill my Soul,
Let Heavens Thunder roll,
And Light'ning cruſh me dead.
Oh Fate a Moment ſtay,
With her's, my Soul convey;
I follow where ſhe leads.

Enter Laura *and* Parthenia.

Vain World adieu. [*Dies.*

LAURA.

Alexis ſlain?
There bled the chaſteſt, the ſincereſt Maid
That ever ſigh'd for Love.

PARTHENIA.

Laura, what Maid? ſee there *Alexis* lies;
And by the Hand of *Lycidas* he dies.

LAURA.

It is too much for Speech; but know withal,
She was a Woman we *Alexis* call.
I knew her Sorrows, ev'n hard-hearted you,
Muſt own ſhe merited, for Love ſo true.

PAR-

PARTHENIA.

I'm all Amazement!
——— If, *Laura*, you have known
Their Secrets, ſtill preſerve them as your own.
To-morrow ſhall the Funeral Rites be paid,
And theſe Love Victims in one Grave be laid;
From thence ſhall Thyme and Myrtle ſend Perfume;
And Laurel, ever green, o'erſhade the Tomb.
Come, let's for ever leave this horrid Wood,
Where ſtreams the purple Graſs with Lover's Blood;
Come to my Bower, and as we ſorrowing go,
Let poor *Dione*'s Story feed my Woe.

Chorus *of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.*

Henceforth be true to Vows profeſt;
For Vengeance ſtrikes the perjur'd Breaſt.

FINIS.

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